

C O M U S:

A

M A S Q U E.

ALTERED FROM

M I L T O N.

K
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
COVENT-GARDEN.

The MUSICK Composed by Dr. ARNE.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. LOWNDES; T. CASLON; and
W. NICOLL.

M,DCC,LXXIV.

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10/57.

U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1903

THE MUSIC OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN

THE MUSICAL VISA

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

PURE Poetry unmixt with passion, however admired in the closet, has scarce ever been able to sustain itself on the Stage. In this Abridgement of Milton's Comus, no circumstance of the Drama contained in the Original Masque, is omitted. The divine arguments on temperance and chastity, together with many descriptive passages, are indeed expunged or contracted: But, divine as they are, the most accomplished declaimers have been embarrassed in the recitation of them. The speaker vainly laboured to prevent a coldness and languor in the audience; and it cannot be dissembled that the Masque of Comus, with all its poetical beauties, not only maintained its place on the Theatre chiefly by the assistance of Musick, but the Musick itself, as if overwhelmed by the weight of the Drama, almost sunk with it, and became in a manner lost to the Stage. That Musick, formerly heard and

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

and applauded with rapture, is now* restored; and the Masque on the above considerations is curtailed.

As a further argument in favour of the Drama in its present form, it might perhaps be urged, that the festivity of the Character of Comus is heightened by his assisting in the vocal parts, as well as in the dialogue; and that theatrical propriety is no longer violated in the Character of the Lady, who now invokes the Echo in her own person, without absurdly leaving the scene vacant, as heretofore, while another voice warbled out the song which the Lady was to be supposed to execute.

To conclude: It may not be impertinent to observe, that the Faithful Shepherdes of Beaumont and Fletcher, which is esteemed one of the most beautiful compositions in our language, not only afforded our Author the first hint of this Masque, but that several brilliant passages of Comus are imitated

* The Musick of the Song of *Mortals, learn, &c.* in . 24, is entirely new, and composed by the same eminent Master as the rest of the Airs.

from

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

from that excellent performance. Yet it is remarkable, that the Play of the Faithful Shepherds, being merely poetical, was condemned on its first representation; for which hard fate, though succeeding Critics have reprehended the barbarism of that age, yet no attempt has ever been hazarded to restore the hapless Drama to the Stage.



THE MERRY VEGA

BY JAMES LINDENHOLM
Illustrated by our own old masters.

C H A R A C T E R S.

Comus	—	—	Mr. MATTOCKS,
First Spirit	—	—	Mr. HULL.
Elder Brother	—	—	Mr. PERRY,
Younger Brother	—	—	Master HARRIS.
Chief Bacchanals	—	{	Mr. REINHOLD, Mr. BAKER, &c.
A Spirit	—	—	Mr. DU BELLAMY.

Lady	—	—	Mrs. MATTOCKS,
Euphrosyne	—	{	Miss CATLEY.
and Female Bacchanals		{	Mrs. BAKER.
Sabrina and Pastoral Nymph			Miss TWIST.

Bacchanals, Naiads, Spirits, &c.



C O M U S.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A W O O D.

Comus enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other, with him a rout of men and women, dressed as Bacchanals.

Comus.

THE Star that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold,
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep *Atlantic* stream ;
And the slope sun his upward beam

B

Shoots

Shoots against the dusky pole,
 Pacing toward the other goal
 Of his chamber in the east ;
 Mean while welcome joy and feast.

S O N G. By COMUS.

I.

*Now Phœbus sinketh in the west,
 Welcome song, and welcome jest,
 Midnight shout and revelry,
 Tipsy dance and jollity ;
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.*

2.

*Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And Advice with scrup'lous head,
 Strict Age and sour Severity,
 With their grave saws in slumber lie.*

COMUS.

We that are of purer fire
 Imitate the starry choir,
 Who in their nightly watchful spheres
 Lead in swift round the months and years.
 The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
 Now to the moon in wav'ring morrice move,
 And on the tawny sands and shelves
 Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves.

S O N G.

SONG. *By a Woman.*

I.

*By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
The Wood Nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep :
What has night to do with sleep ?*

2.

*Night has better sweets to prove ;
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love :
Come, let us our rites begin :
'Tis only day-light that makes sin.*

COMUS.

Hail, Goddess of nocturnal sport —
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou rid'st with *Hecat'*, and befriend
Us thy vow'd priests —
Till the nice Morn on th' *Indian* steep
From her cabin loop-hole peep,
And to the tell-tale Sun descry
Our conceal'd solemnity.

SONG. *By Comus and a Woman.*

I.

*From tyrant laws and customs free,
We follow sweet variety ;
By turns we drink, and dance, and sing,
Time for ever on the wing.*

B 2

2. *Wby*

G O M U S.

2.

*Why should niggard rules controul
Transports of the jovial soul?
No dull stinting hour we own:
Pleasure counts our time alone.*

Comus.

Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.

A D A N C E.

Comus.

Break off, break off; I feel the diff'rent pace
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees;
Our number may affright: Some virgin sure
(For so I can distinguish by my art)
Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains. Thus I hurl
My spells into the air — When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
I shall appear some harmless villager.
But here she comes; I fairly step aside
And hearken, if I may her business hear,

The LADY enters.

LADY.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now; methought it was the sound
Of

C O M U S.

Of riot and ill-manag'd mirth. I should be loth
To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence
Of such late rioters ; yet, O ! where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood ?

[*Comus aside.*]

I'll ease her of that care, and be her guide.

LADY.

My brothers, when they saw me weary'd out,
Stepp'd, as they said, to the next thicket side,
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit,
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
But where they are, and why they come not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts ; 'tis likeliest
They had engag'd their wand'ring steps too far ;
I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
I'll venture ; for my new enliven'd spirits
Prompt me ; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG. *By the LADY.*

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy cell,
By slow Mæander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well,
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair,
That likest thy Narcissus are ?

O! if

O! if thou have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the spbere;
So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.

[Comus aside.]

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
 I'll speak to her,
 And she shall be my queen.—Hail, foreign wonder,
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
 Unless the Goddess that in rural shrine
 Dwell'st here with *Pan*, or *Silvan*, by bles'd song
 Forbidding ev'ry bleak unkindly fog
 To touch the prosp'rous growth of this tall wood.

LADY.

Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise,
 That is addres'd to unattending ears:
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
 How to regain my sever'd company,
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous *Echo*,
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

COMUS.

What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?

LADY.

Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

COMUS.

COMUS.

Could that divide you from near-ush'ring guides ?

LADY.

They left me weary on a grassy turf,
To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly spring:

COMUS.

And left your fair side all unguarded, lady ?

LADY.

They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

COMUS.

Imports their losf, beside the present need ?

LADY.

No less than if I should my Brothers lose.

COMUS.

Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom ?

LADY.

As smooth as *Hebe's* their unrazor'd lips.

COMUS.

Two such I saw, under a mantling vine,
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots ;
Their port was more than human : if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to heaven,
To help you find them.

LADY.

Gentle villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place ?

Comus.

I know each lane, and ev'ry alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood :
And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake ; or grant it otherwise,
I can conduct you, lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till farther quest.

LADY.

Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy offer'd service. In a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, bless'd Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength---Shepherd, lead on.

[*Exeunt:*

Enter

Enter COMUS's crew from behind the trees.

SONG. By a Man.

I.

*Fly swiftly, ye minutes, till COMUS receive
The nameless soft transports that Beauty can give ;
The bowl's frolic joys let him teach her to prove,
And she, in return, yield the raptures of love.*

2.

*Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain,
All grandeur insipid, and riches a pain,
The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave :
Love and wine give, ye Gods ! or take back what you
gave.*

C H O R U S.

*Away, away, away,
To COMUS' court repair ;
There night out-shines the day,
There yields the melting Fair. [Exeunt]*

A Halloo heard.

Enter the Two BROTHERS.

Eldest BROTHER.

*List, list ; I hear
Some far-off halloo break the silent air.*

Youngest BROTHER.

Methought so too ; what should it be ?

C

Eldest

Eldest BROTHER.

Either some one like us, night-founder'd here,
Or else some neighbour wood-man, or, at worst,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

Youngest BROTHER.

Heav'n keep my sister ! Again ! again ! and near !
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

Eldest BROTHER.

I'll halloo ;
If he be friendly, he comes well ; if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us !

Enter the first SPIRIT, habited like a shepherd.

Youngest BROTHER.

That halloo I should know — What are you ? speak.

First SPIRIT.

What voice is that ? My young lord ? Speak again,

Youngest BROTHER.

O, brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure,

First SPIRIT.

O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,
Where is my virgin Lady ! where is she ?
How chance she is not in your company ?

Eldest

C O M U S.

II

Eldest Brother.

To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without blame,
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

First Spirit.

Ah, me unhappy ! then my fears are true.

Eldest Brother.

What fears, good *Thyrsis*? prithee briefly shew.

First Spirit.

Within the bosom of this hideous wood,
Immur'd in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,
Of *Bacchus* and of *Circe* born, great *Comus*,
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,
And wanton as his father. This I learnt
Tending my flocks hard by; whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl:
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,
T' inveigle and invite th' unwary sense.
But, hark ! the beaten timbrel's jarring sound
And wild tumultuous mirth proclaim their pre-
sence :
Onward they move ; and this way guide their steps.
Let us withdraw a while.

[They retire.

C 2

Enter

*Enter Comus's crew revelling, till they observe
the Two Brothers; then the Elder Brother
advances and speaks.*

Eldest Brother.

What are you? speak! that thus in wanton riot
And midnight revelry, like drunken Bacchanals,
Inade the silence of these lonely shades?

First Woman.

Ye godlike youths,
Bles the propitious star that led you to us;
We are the happiest of the race of mortals,
Of freedom, mirth, and joy the only heirs:
But you shall share them with us; for this cup,
This nectar'd cup, the sweet assurance gives
Of present, and the pledge of future bliss.

[She offers 'em the cup, which they both put by.

S O N G. *By a Man.*

I.

*By the gaily circling glass
We can see how minutes pass;
By the hollow cask are told
How the waining night grows old.*

2.

*Soon, too soon, the busy day
Drives us from our sport and play.
What have we with day to do?
Sons of Care, 'twas made for you!*

Eldest

Eldest Brother.

Forbear, nor offer us the poison'd sweets.

First Woman.

Oh! how unseemly shews in blooming youth
Such grey severity! — But come with us,
We to the bow'r of bliss will guide your steps.

SONG. *By a Female Bacchanal.*

I.

*Would you taste the noon-tide air?
To yon fragrant bower repair,
Where, woven with the poplar bough,
The mantling vine will shelter you.*

2.

*Down each side a fountain flows,
Tinkling, murmuring, as it goes,
Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
Sultry Phœbus scorching round.*

3.

*Round, the languid herds and sheep
Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks sleep,
While on the hyacinth and rose
The Fair does all alone repose.*

4.

*All alone———and in her arms
Your breast may beat to Love's alarms,
Till bless'd, and blessing, you shall own
The joys of Love are joys alone.*

Youngest

Youngest Brother.

How low sinks Beauty when by Vice debas'd !
 Fair were that form, if Virtue dwelt within ;
 But from the wanton advocate of shame
 To me the warbled song harsh discord sounds.

First Woman.

No more ; these formal maxims misbecome you,
 They only suit suspicious shrivell'd Age.

SONG. By a Man and two Women.

Live, and love, enjoy the Fair,
Banish sorrow, banish care ;
Mind not what old dotards say,
Age has had his share of play,
But Youth's sport begins to-day. }

From the fruits of sweet delight
Let not scare-crow Virtue fright.
Here in Pleasure's vineyard we
Rove, like birds, from tree to tree,
Careless, airy, gay and free.

Eldest Brother.

How can your impious tongues profane the
 name
 Of sacred Virtue, and yet promise pleasure
 In lying songs of vanity and vice ?
 From Virtue fever'd, Pleasure phrenzy grows,
 And always flies at Reason's cool return.

But

But we forget : who hears the voice of truth,
In noisy riot and intemp'rance drown'd ?
Thyrsis, be thou our Guide ! We'll follow thee ;
And some good Angel bear a shield before us !

[*Exeunt Brothers and Spirit.*]

First Woman.

Come, come, my friends, and partners of my
joys,
Leave to yon pedant youths their bookish dreams ;
A beardless *Cynic* is the shame of nature,
Beyond the cure of this inspiring cup ;
Away, nor waste a moment more about 'em.

C H O R U S.

Away, away, away,
To Comus' court repair ;
There night out-shines the day,
There yields the melting Fair.

[*Exeunt Singing.*]

E N D O F T H E F I R S T A C T.

A C T



A C T II.

*A magnificent hall in Comus's palace.
Comus and Attendants stand on each side of
the Lady, who is seated in an enchanted
chair.*

COMUS.

COME, thou goddes fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd *Euphrosyne*,
And by men, heart-easing *Mirth*,
Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth
With two Sister Graces more
To ivy-crowned *Bacchus* bore.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty.

[Whilſt]

[Whilst these lines are repeating, enter a Nymph representing EUPHROSYNE, or Mirth; who advances to the Lady, and sings the following song :

S O N G.

I.

*Come, come, bid adieu to fear,
Love and Harmony live here.
No domestic jealous jars,
Buzzing slanders, wordy wars,
In my presence will appear ;
Love and Harmony reign here.*

2.

*Sighs to amorous sighs returning,
Pulses beating, bosoms burning,
Bosoms with warm wishes panting,
Words to speak those wishes wanting,
Are the only tumults here,
All the Woes you need to fear ;
Love and Harmony reign here.*

LADY.

How long must I, by magick fetters chain'd
To this detested seat, hear odious strains
Of shameless folly, which my soul abhors ?

D

Comus,

COMUS.

Ye sedge-crown'd Naiades, by twilight seen
 Along *Mæander's* mazy border green,
 At *Comus'* call appear in all your azure sheen!

SONG by COMUS and CHORUS:

*Come, and trip it as ye go
 On the light fantastic toe!*

[He waves his wand, the Naiades enter,
 and dance.

COMUS.

Now softly flow sweet *Lydian* airs attune,
 And breathe the pleasing pangs of gentle love.

The Pastoral Nymph advances slow, with a melancholy and desponding air, to the side of the stage, and repeats by way of soliloquy the first six lines, and then sings the ballad. In the mean time she is observ'd by EUPHROSYNE, who by her gesture expresses her different sentiments of the subject of her complaint, suitably to the character of their several songs.

RECITATIVO

RECITATIVO.

*How gentle was my Damon's air !
 Like sunny beams his golden hair,
 His voice was like the nightingale's,
 More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales.
 How hard such beauties to resign !
 And yet that cruel task is mine.*

BALLAD.

1.

*On every hill, in every grove,
 Along the margin of each stream,
 Dear conscious scenes of former love
 I mourn, and Damon is my theme.
 The hills, the groves, the streams remain ;
 But Damon there I seek in vain.*

2.

*From hill, from dale, each charm is fled ;
 Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more ;
 Each flower in pity droops its head,
 All Nature does my loss deplore.
 All, all reproach the faithless swain,
 Yet Damon still I seek in vain.*

RECITATIVO.

By EUPHROSYNE.

*Love, the greatest bliss below,
How to taste few women know ;
Fewer still the way have hi
How a fickle swain to quit.
Simple nymphs, then learn of me,
How to treat inconstancy.*

B A L L A D,

I.

*The wanton God, that pierces hearts,
Dips in gall his pointed darts ;
But the nymph despairs to pine,
Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.*

2.

*Farewell lovers, when they're cloy'd ;
If I am scorn'd, because enjoy'd,
Sure the squeamish fops are free
To rid me of dull company.*

3. They

3.

*They have charms, whilst mine can please ;
I love them much, but more my ease ;
Nor jealous fears my love molest,
Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.*

4.

*Why should they e'er give me pain,
Who to give me joy disdain ?
All I hope of mortal man,
Is to love me——whilst he can.*

Comus.

Cast thine eyes around and see,
How from every element
Nature's sweets are cull'd for thee,
And her choicest blessings sent.

Hither, Summer, Autumn, Spring,
Hither all your tributes bring ;
All on bended knee be seen,
Paying homage to your queen !

[After this the second attendant SPIRIT enters ; he advances to the Lady, and sings, remaining still invisible to Comus and his crew.

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

*Nor on beds of fading flowers,
Shedding soon their gaudy pride ;
Nor with swains in Syren bowers,
Will true Pleasure long reside.*

2.

*On awful Virtue's hill sublime,
Enthroned sits th' immortal Fair ;
Who wins her height, must patient climb,
The steps are peril, toil, and care.*

*So from the first did Jove ordain,
Eternal bliss for transient pain.*

[Exit the SPIRIT, the musick playing loud
and solemn.

LADY.

Thanks, heavenly songster ! whosoe'er thou art,
Who deign'st to enter these unhallow'd walls
To bring the song of Virtue to mine ear !
O cease not, cease not the melodious strain,
Till my rapt soul high on the swelling note
To heav'n ascend —— far from these horrid
fiends !

Comus.

Comus.

Mere airy dreams of air-bred people these,
Who look with envy on more happy man !
Drink this, and you will scorn such idle tales.

[He offers the cup, which she puts by,
and attempts to rise.

Nay, lady, sit ; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all bound up in alabaster,
And you a statue.

Lady.

Fool, do not boast ;
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, altho' this corp'r'al rind
Thou hast immanacled, while Heav'n sees good.

Comus.

Why are you vex'd, lady ? why do you frown ?
Here dwell no frowns nor anger ; from these
gates

Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the pleasures
That Fancy can beget on youthful thoughts :
And first, behold this cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds.

Lady.

LADY.

Know, base deluder, that I will not taste it.
Keep thy detested gifts for such as these.

[Points to his crest.]

SONG. By a Man.

*Mortals, learn your lives to measure
Not by length of time, but pleasure ;
Soon your Spring must have a fall,
Losing youth, is losing all :
Then you'll ask, but none will give,
And may linger, but not live.*

COMUS.

Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs, which Nature lent
For gentle usage and soft delicacy ;
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted ? But, fair virgin,
This will restore all soon.

LADY.

'Twill not, false traitor !
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with
lies. Was

Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
 Thou told'st me of? Henee with thy brew'd enchantments!

Were it a draught for *Juno*, when she banquets,
 I would not taste thy treas'nous offer—None,
 But such as are good men, can give good things;
 And that which is not good is not delicious
 To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.
 Shall I go on, or have I said enough?

COMUS.

Enough, to shew
 That you are cheated by the lying boasts
 Of starving pedants, that affect a fame
 From scorning pleasures which they cannot reach.

COMUS sings.

I.

Preach not to me your musty rules,
Ye drones that mould in idle cell;
The heart is wiser than the schools,
The senses always reason well.

2.

If short my span, I less can spare
To pass a single pleasure by;
An hour is long, if lost in care;
They only live, who life enjoy.

E

COMUS

Comus.

Lift, lady ; be not coy, and be not cozen'd
 With that same vaunted name *Virginity*.
 What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn ?
 There was another meaning in these gifts ;
 Think what, and be advis'd : you are but young
 yet ;

This will inform you soon. One sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.—

*[The BROTHERS rush in with swords drawn,
 wrest the glass out of his hand, and break it
 against the ground ; his Rout make signs of
 resistance, but are all driven in.]*

Enter the First and Second SPIRIT.

First SPIRIT.

What, have you let the false Enchanter 'scape ?
 O, ye mistook ! ye should have snatch'd his wand,
 And bound him fast : without his rod revers'd,
 We cannot free the lady, that sits here
 In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless.
 Yet stay, be not disturbed ; now I bethink me,
 There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure,

That

That sways the *Severn* stream : she can unlock
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
 If she be right invok'd in warbled song.

To the Second SPIRIT.

Haste, *Lycidas*, and try the tuneful strain,
 Which from her bed the fair *Sabrina* calls.

SONG. *By the Second SPIRIT.*

SABRINA fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lillies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair ;
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save !

[SABRINA rises, and sings.]

By the rushy-fringed bank,
 Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
 My sliding chariot stays,
 Thick set with agat, and the azure sheen
 Of turkis blue, and em'rald green,
 That in the channel strays.

Gentle swain, at thy request,
 I am here.

E 2 RECITATIVO.

R E C I T A T I V O.

Second SPIRIT.

*Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
 Of true virgin here distress'd,
Thro' the force, and thro' the wile,
Of unbless'd Enchanter vile.*

R E C I T A T I V O.

SABRINA.

*Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help ensnared Chastity :
Brightest Lady, look on me.
 Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops, that from my fountain pure
I have kept, of precious cure ;
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy ruby'd lip ;
Next this marble venom'd seat
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold :
Now the spell hath lost its hold ;
And I must haste, ere morning-hour,
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.*

SABRINA.

SARBINA descends, and the Lady rises out of her seat ;
the Brothers embrace her tenderly.

Youngest BROTHER.

Why did I doubt ? Why tempt the wrath of
Heaven
To shed just vengeance on my weak distrust ?

Eldest BROTHER.

The freedom of the mind, you see, no charm,
No spell can reach ; that righteous *Jove* forbids,
Lest man should call his frail divinity
The slave of evil, or the sport of chance.
Inform us, *Thyrsis*, if, for this thine aid,
We aught can pay that equals thy desert.

First SPIRIT discovering himself.

Pay it to Heaven ! There my mansion is ;
But when a mortal, favour'd of high *Jove*,
Chances to pass thro' yon advent'rous glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing Star
I shoot from Heav'n, to give him safe convoy.

Now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend ;
And

C O M U S.

And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals, that would follow me,
Love *Virtue*—she alone is *free*:
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the sphey chime;
Or, if *Virtue* feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

C H O R U S.

*Taught by Virtue, you may climb
Higher than the sphey chime;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.*

F I N I S.



